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VERSES

A. C. A.

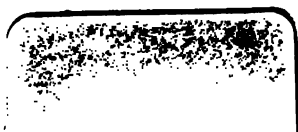


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VERSES

ORIGINAL AND TRANSLATED

BY

ARTHUR COMPTON AUCHMUTY



Enter

WILLIAM ROBERTS, BROAD GATE

1869

280. f. 191.

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NOTICE.



*The profits (if any) of the sale of this volume
will be added to the Fund for the Restoration of
the Parish Church of St. Leonard's, Blunsdon,
in the County of Wilts.*

A. C. A.

THE FAIRIES.



SINCE 'tis so sweet, amid life's tossing tide,
To hear the voice that down the ages rings
With stories from the world's fresh morningtide
Brought late to us in pleasant murmurings ;
O pour from out his everlasting springs,
Spirit of Poesy, thy full-flowing stream,
While unused hands attempt the varied strings,
And strive to wake some echo of that theme,
Which "Fancy's child" once shaped in a short
summer dream !

Our way will lead us where the world is fair
And glad and pleasant; far from uncouth sight
Of grief and misery and sin, or where
Aught is at enmity with what is bright;
From all that pains the eye remov'd quite;
'Mong water'd vales, and o'er the moorland high,
In woods where summer pours her full delight;
Though all earth's happiest scenes our way will lie,
To see the Fairies sport in mirth and revelry.

O best loved hour,—when the last rosy bars
Fade from the sun-track, and the day is gone;
Ere yet beneath the scanty-sprinkled stars
Night trails her blackest clouds and walks alone!
Forth comes Titania from her flowery throne;
Over the slumbering world she takes her way,
All through the dewy twilight, wafted on
By many a fleet-wing'd elf and many a fay,
Each to his separate lot assign'd of work or play.

For now the Fairy herald's call is heard
Shrilly,—yet voiceless but to those whose ears
Expect the sound : anon each flower is stirr'd
Within its tender lap : then forth appears,
Soon as the cry each ready inmate hears,
From bed of scarlet, blue, or snowy white,
Where every drowsy bud its head uprears,
A goodly band, in colours gaily dight,
And all go forth together to the cool sweet night.

Clad then with robes of many a various hue,
Stol'n from the rainbow, bright and manifold,
Leads forth king Oberon his airy crew,
To where in some sweet garden they may hold
Wise counsel, and in turn their deeds unfold,
What secret they have heard from lover's tongue,
What each intends ; and when the tale is told,
Perchance they bid some silvery tones, outrung
From valley-lilies' bells, make music to their song.

And when the murmur of the world is sleeping,
What time the stars shine over heaven's floor,
Titania's band are out, their vigil keeping
Upon the brave broad downs or hill-tops hoar;
At whose approach the tempest stays his roar;
And there, far off from busy haunts of men,
They link the mazy dance, nor cease, before
Dawn warns the merry company,—and then
Sudden they break, and flit in silence back again.

Perhaps some rustic, near the lonely place,
Where still he deems that spirits come and go,
With pious awe may mark the magic trace
Of fairy footsteps, and in wonder know
The mystic circle they have left below.—
So frolics all night long the merry band:
But when the jealous king of day doth show
The earliest glowing of his fiery hand,
Then will they swiftly all troop back to Fairyland.

Yet once again, before that dusky light,
Gray-veil'd forerunner of the crimson morn,
Bid them depart until to-morrow night,—
Once yet again before the day be born,
Must Robin fright some traveller forlorn,
With whispering from some leaflet in the wind,
A solitary sere leaf on the thorn,
That Autumn had in pity left behind,—
Or a low laugh of waters through the copse unkind.

And oft on far off errands as they speed,
'Tis Puck outstrips the rapid lightning's fall;
And when they play their pranks about the mead,
Puck is the maddest merriest of them all;
Puck, that old goblin, ugly, quaint, and small,
Who, though he knoweth no delight unless
He work some mischief, or what men so call,
Yet only hateth to behold distress,—
He, the chief source and spring of their light-
heartedness.

But now, farewell, ye fairies of the dark !
'Tis time your brethren of the day were here,
Down in the fields to wake the morning lark,
And prompt his early carol loud and clear,
That all created things about may hear ;
To rouse the linnet and the humming bee,
Kindle the music of the wold and mere,
And make each answering warble to agree
All through the livelong day in sweetest harmony.

There is a fairy maiden that attends
The glorious march of Spring in mantle green :
And there are those that under her she sends,
Who round about their Princess and their Queen
Gather in myriads : and right well, I ween,
Each knows his part, ordain'd him long of yore,
To deck her in her robes of heavenly sheen,
And all about her loveliness to pour,
Fair as when Eden first her new-made beauty wore.

These bid the wild wood don his former smile ;
These to the village lanes give back the look
Of rural joy and gladness ; these, the while,
Bend the sad willow o'er her native brook ;
Visit each bank that long hath been forsook ;
Strew in the fields the purple violet ;
Unfold the primrose in her ancient nook :
No spot its last year's glory may forget,
Till all the land grows bright with one green coronet.

And often in the sultry summer noon,
When weariness their tiny limbs doth steep
From many a kind unforc'd toil, full soon
Know they how sweet it is aside to creep,
Where they may lap them in a dewy sleep,
Lull'd in some soft and balmy-scented flower ;
And, while they bend the obedient leaves to keep
The cruel heat away, in that rose bower
They while away in peace each all-too-tedious hour.

Nor only these ; but other sprites, who love
The haunts of men about the busy town ;—
And all the long night hours they flit above
Pale sleepers' eyelids, and with sweet dreams drown
Their labours o'er : nor, of no less renown,
Must I forget that kindred crew that dwells,
In gay blithe fairyhood, far far adown
'Mong crystal caves and "silvery-crimson shells,"
Tempting poor wind-toss'd mariners with magic
spells.

These are the themes of childhood : but "the Child
Is Father to the Man" : and hearts grown sere
Not seldom has a faith like this beguiled
Back to lost freshness, wakening the dull ear
To catch the sweep of spirits, hovering near
Us and all things beneath in this wide earth ;
Who tend the world, each in his several sphere ;
Who rule our lives from the first hour of birth,
In all our tears of sorrow and our songs of mirth.

THE DEATH OF JULIAN THE APOSTATE.

BEING PART OF THE NEWDIGATE PRIZE POEM


FOR 1862.

—O—

HARK! there is noise of harnessing to war,
The prancing steed, and gleaming scimitar!
Proudly the Persian host to battle goes;
Sternly Rome's legions face their ancient foes:
Undying thoughts of high contempt are here,—
There all is hollow vaunt and braggart fear;
And Rome is shouting with triumphant breath,
While Julian bows him to the call of Death.

Yet ere he dies,—a few loved friends are near—
Hark! from that tent a prophet-voice rings clear:
Like joy for darling hopes no more deferr'd,
So calm, so cheerful fell his latest word:—

“Death sweetly whispers that mine hour is come:
My body fails, my soul is going home.
The gods, who slay me early, but approve
In that to me-ward a peculiar love.
Therefore, till Death my earthly utterance stays,
Up to their ears shall come the voice of praise,
At whose dear call my spirit leaps to go,
And leave a fame so pure of guile below—
A soul untarnish’d from the world convey’d,
Like the full blossom pluck’d before it fade.
Yea, hath not heaven-born wisdom long ago
Chiefliest enjoin’d me this one word to know—
How vile the body, how sublime the soul,
Made for a nobler race, a higher goal ?
For Truth’s bright mien my panting spirit yearn’d,
Truth day by day more clearly I discern’d :
And so I loved the right, and spurn’d the wrong,
And trod the road of duty, free and strong.
Spotless my life toward myself has been,
My walk and converse innocent and clean :



And, for I knew to him who rules aright
There streams within a gush of godsprung light,
So lighted, I, out of a peaceful mind,
Wrought for the peace and blessing of mankind ;
Clothed on with valour both of hand and heart,
Chasten'd to manly might in every inmost part.
Friends, I am summon'd to a happier land,
Happier than man on earth can understand ;
Somewhere, I know not where, and yet, I trust,
A world too pure for soil of earthly dust.
Weep not, nay do not anything that mars
My glorious journey to the golden stars.
Surely my cup of lifelong bliss is fill'd ;
What Hope kept whispering, Fate had ever will'd ;
Slain by the sword, amid the battle-din,
So I should fall, a truer crown to win ;
And could I noblier close my earthly span,
Can Heaven bestow a dearer boon on man,
Than thus to end his life unstain'd as it began ?”*

* The substance of this speech of Julian is taken from Gibbon, ch. xxiv.

STANZAS.



AH ! doth not this some sadness claim ?
We come to death, we come to birth,
And human things must change, but Earth
Abides from age to age the same ?

And here I write no novel thought,
Out of one melancholy mind
Grown rankly, but through all mankind
This feeling lives and grows untaught.

Ask, else, yon mourner, why he shed
Those tears, to see the new grass wave,
And rain fall heedless, on the grave
So lately closed above his dead !



To-day, we hear the kind voice thrill,
And look upon the well-loved form ;
To-morrow, this is with the worm,
And that for evermore is still.

Yet mark : in glory nothing less,
The Sun bursts from his eastern halls,
And evening after evening falls
In all his ancient loveliness.

And ever as the year goes round,
In order long of old decreed,
The leaf, the flower, the fruit, the seed,
Still rise the same from out the ground.

Yet, while we feel it sad and strange,
This law, that since the world began
Nature is still the same, and man
Alone must move from change to change ;

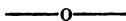
Yet this is also cause of praise
And thanksgiving to Him, who pours
His blessings out of Heaven's doors
Unchanging with the changing days.

For not a morning goes away,
But somewhere one, with gaze intent,
First sees, in awe and wonderment,
The sunrise and the springing day.

* * * *



MARCH VIOLETS.

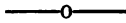


FROM nursery years 'twas a joyous thing,
In the fresh delight of the opening spring,
Whole quiet afternoons to pass,
Where the violet peep'd from the lusty grass,
And whisper'd me words that I knew before;—
And because they were old ones, I loved them the
more.

When the violet timidly peeps again,
In the pausing of March's gusty rain,
It will touch one heart with a different power;
It will be to one eye an alter'd flower;
It will speak new words in a solemn voice,
While it talks of an angel in Paradise.

1863-4.

WRITTEN TO A YOUNGER SISTER ON THE
DAY OF HER CONFIRMATION.



DEAREST, I know you would this day
And hour did thought of you beget.
Let me, since fancy wishes, set
In verse the things that I would say.

Small right have I to say Beware ;
But you'll not slight a kindly hint.
It may be, must be, that the tint
Of these few weeks, that shone so fair

With peace not born of earth, and rays
Of emerald hope, beneath the shade
Of daily life again, should fade
A little, and the coming days



Should seem to wear a duller hue,
And lack some freshness : you will miss
Those "solemn-sweet societies :"
Perhaps 'twill seem the gains are few,

The world unchanged ; and you may feel
Something of disappointment's sting :—
Remember, 'tis a natural thing :
Hold on and trust through woe and weal.

So take my song, and trust it bears
My dearest wishes for your good ;
A holy happy womanhood,
And bliss beyond the silver hairs.

SONNET.

DAYBREAK ON MONT BLANC.

—o—

Lo! the white cloud is melting under me :
That seem'd erewhile stretch'd of one solid piece
With this snow-world I stand upon,—no fleece
Of vapour, but a firm white billowy sea ;
Whereout, like little islands in the snow,
Stood as 'twere rocks, a stone-cast off or so,
So friendly, both to me and one another,
Across the aërial waste, that served to smother
The human bustle of the underworld,
And shut that out and meditation in !
But, look ! the firm sea moves, and, lightly curl'd
Under the dawn, the white waves ebb away :—
My rocks are mountain summits, and between
Is Chamouni just stirring for the day.

1867.

THE SWALLOWS.

FROM BERANGER.



THERE sat a soldier, bow'd, but not with age,
Captive, chain-bound, on Afric's stranger shore.
"Swallows!" he cried, "ye foes of winter's rage,
O welcome to your sailing wings once more!
Hope speeds your flight, and teaches you to dwell
In this hot clime, undoubting, blithe, and free,
And you can bid sweet France a short farewell.—
Oh! of that land, ye swallows, speak to me!

"Three weary winters have I pray'd, in vain,
That ye would bring some little memory-sign,
And let me see in thought that vale again,
Where through my dreams the future used to shine.

There is a stream, whose brimming waters roam
 'Neath the cool shade of many a lilac tree :
Mark'd ye beside its banks my cottage home ?—
 Oh ! of that vale, ye swallows, speak to me !

“ It may be one of your blithe throng was born
 Under the eaves where first I saw the sun :
It may be, then, that thou hast seen forlorn
 A mother in her love and grief undone.
As she lay dying, ever and anon,
 She thought she heard my footstep on the lea,
Listen'd and wept, and lo ! the sound was gone ;—
 Oh ! of that love, ye swallows, speak to me !

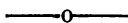
“ And tell me, is my sister yet a bride ?
 And tell me, have ye seen the village throng ?
And wedding company from far and wide ?
 And heard her name ring in the marriage song ?

And those, who oft have stood with me in arms,
My fellow-soldiers, young in years and glee,
Have they gone back unto the village charms?—
Oh! of those friends, ye swallows, speak to me!

“It may be, o’er their bones the foe will tread,
Turning a stranger foot into the vale;
Rule in my cottage in the master’s stead,
And change that bridal song into a wail.
For me no mother more shall lift her hand:
Nought else is left but chains and misery.—
Oh, swallows! of my darling native land!
Of all her many wrongs speak not to me!”

TRANSLATED FROM MALHERBE.

TO M. DU PERRIER, ON THE DEATH OF HIS DAUGHTER.



SORROW like yours, dear friend, can never die :
Rather, through years of melancholy length,
Old converse, mournfully re-echo'd by
A father's love, will give it strength.

That which is in the grave, your buried child,
Another victim of Death's common blow,
Has in a tangled labyrinthine wild
Made Reason lose himself with Woe.

I knew the charms that fill'd her early years ;
But very far it were from me to stir,
Grieved friend, a finger, to allay your tears
With light remembrances of her.

Ah! she belong'd unto the world, where all
That shows the fairest, has the sharpest thorn :
A Rose has fallen, like the roses fall,
After her lifetime of a morn.

There is no sterner, crueller thing than Death,
That hears us call to him, and call in vain :
Lets us alone to cry away our breath,
Closing the portals of his brain.

The unknown beggar 'neath his cottage thatch,
Cannot escape his far-extending sway :
Weak are the strong that round the palace watch,
To guard him from our kings away.

What boots it then impatiently to pine ?
What boots to murmur at the high decree ?—
Sole rule for peace, O God, is to resign
Our human wills to Thee.

SOLILOQUY OF THE MAID OF ORLEANS.

FROM SCHILLER.



FAREWELL, ye hills ! ye pastures, that I love !
Each silent valley, that I know so well !
Joan never more among your haunts shall move :
Joan bids you all world-without-end farewell !
Plants my own hand hath water'd ! trees, my hand
Hath planted ; burgeon blithely down the glades !
Farewell, ye cool springs ! and farewell, ye shades !
And thou, sweet voice of this sequester'd land,
Echo, that often in my songs hast join'd,
Joan sets her face to go, and looks no more behind.

O all my favourite haunts, so sweet, so still !
You from this hour I never more shall see !
My little lambs, roam whereso'er ye will,
Over the heath, unshepherded by me.

I have another flock than you to feed,
Yonder away on danger's bloody plain.
No earthly summons prompts me to the deed ;
The Spirit calls, and shall not call in vain.

The Same, that talk'd with Moses on the peak
Of Horeb, in the bush that burn'd with fire,
And bade him before Pharaoh stand and speak ;
That call'd the stripling shepherd from his sire,
To lead His armies, and subdue His foes ;
That aye hath shepherds in His special ken ;
Hath spok'n to me from out the forest boughs :—
“Go, be my witness in the eyes of men !

“Wrap the rude brass about thy limbs, and go :
Bind the steel plate upon thy tender breast :
Human affection thy heart must not know,
Fleshly desires, nor any earthborn guest.
No bridal wreath shall decorate thy hair ;
No fondled baby prattle on thy knee :

Glory and fame, the meed of those who dare,
First of all women, are in store for thee!

“And when the stout heart quails, and over France
Comes the dim dread that her last doom is seal’d,
Then shall thine arm my oriflamme advance,
And, like the corn reap’d in an autumn field,
Even with the ground the haughty spoiler lies;
While Fortune’s wheel at thy approach turns round;
Till the crush’d chivalry of France arise,
And Rheims be rescued, and thy king be crown’d.”

Yea! hath not Heaven vouchsafed to me a sign?
Comes not this helmet from the hand of God;
Whose iron can touch with such a power Divine,
And fire with spiritual zeal this earthly clod;
And drive me forth, as on a tempest’s wings,
To where the host stands armed for the fray?—
Hark! through my soul the shout of battle rings!—
I hear the steed stamp, and the trumpets bray!

ARIADNE.

FROM CATULLUS.

—O—

THERE,—upon Dia's ever-echoing shore
Sweet Ariadne stood, in fond dismay,
With wild eyes watching the swift fleet, that bore
Her loved one far away.

And still she gazed incredulous ; and still,
Like one awaking from beguiling sleep,
Found herself standing on the beachy hill,
Left there alone to weep.

But the quick oars upon the waters flash'd,
And Theseus fled, and not a thought behind
He left, but all his promises were dash'd
Into the wandering wind.

Far off she strains her melancholy eyes ;
And, like a Mænad sculptured there in stone,
Stands as in act to shout, for she espies
Him she once call'd her own.

Dark waves of care sway'd o'er her tender soul ;
The fine-wove turban from her golden hair
Had fallen, the light robe no longer stole
Over her bosom bare :

Loose dropp'd the well-wrought girdle from her breast,
That wildly struggled to be free : they lay
About her feet, and many a briny crest
Kiss'd them in careless play.

But nought she reck'd of turban then, and nought
Of silken garments flowing gracefully.
Oh ! Theseus, far away in heart and thought
And soul she hung on thee !

Ay me ! that hour did cruel Love prepare
A never-ending thread of wildering woe,
And, twining round that heart rude briars of care,
Bade them take root and grow ;

What time from old Piræus' curv'd strand
A ship put out toward the south, to bring
Chivalrous-hearted Theseus to the land
Of the unrighteous king.

LUCRETIA.

FROM OVID.



DAY dawn'd: and there the lady sat with her hair
all torn and wild;

Like a mother waiting to go forth to the funeral of
her child.—

And one has ridden to camp to fetch her sire and
husband home:

At her desire, both spouse and sire have straight
ta'en horse for Rome.

See, how amazed they look to find a mourner sitting
here:

And, "Who is dead?" they cry, "or what makes
thee so sad of cheer?"

The lady hides her face for shame, and still no word
replies;

While like a water-spring gush down the tear-floods
from her eyes.

Now husband, and now sire, assays her anguish to
beguile,

And prays her tell her tale, and weeps in anxious
dread the while.

And thrice she strove to speak ; and thrice broke off ;
and when, at last,

The courage came, hot burning shame still kept her
eyes downcast.

“What ? to a Tarquin shall we owe this office I
would shun ?

Nay : but Lucrece her own disgrace shall tell, and
she alone !”

And what she can she utters ; till thick sobs cut off
the tale :

Bursts the hot blush into the cheeks, but now so
deadly pale.

—“O cheer thee, sweet ! no help was thine ; there-
fore not thine the blame !”

—“Yea, ye forgive ; yet cannot I :” answer’d the
high-soul’d dame.

With that she bared a hidden blade, and plunged it
in her side ;
And with her gore the ground before her father's
feet was dyed.

Then,—while with sobs of spouse and sire the love-
less halls resound,
Nor shame they by their darling's corse to fling
them on the ground,—
Lo ! Brutus,—whom such sight could nerve e'en to
belie his name,—
Stoop'd down, and pluck'd the dagger forth from
the still-quivering frame :
And, clenching in his hand the steel, with the high-
born blood still wet,
Pour'd out his dauntless heart, and spake a fierce
and solemn threat.
“ Now, by this blood I swear to thee, this blood so
brave, so pure ;
And by thy own departing soul ;—that oath at least
is sure ;—

Henceforth shall Tarquin outcasts reap the fruits of
heap'd-up wrong.

The Man within the Brutus here hath worn the
mask too long !”

Lucretia heard him where she lay, and oped her
blind eyes wide ;
And shook her hair, as if in sign that her soul was
satisfied.

O woman, with the man's steel heart, when they
bore thee to the tomb,

What tears went with thee, and what scowls, that
spoke of coming doom !

When Brutus bared the wounded breast, and call'd
the people round ;—

“ Come see, Quirites, in your kings what wicked
deeds are found !”

—Thus were the Tarquins driven abroad to find
another home ;

And twelve-month consuls held the sway ; and king-
ship ceased in Rome.

CHORUS OF OCEAN NYMPHS.

FROM ÆSCHYLUS.



NEVER may creation's God
Thwart me with His mighty nod !
O may I from heaven never
 Stay the holy feast of blood,
Standing where my Father-river
 Pours his everlasting flood !—
This, and lips from error free,
Make a vow that shall not be
Melted from my memory.

This, methought, is bliss ; to gaze
Cheerly on through length of days ;
And with bright and joyous pleasance
 Bid the heart forget to mourn ;
Yet to stand in suffering's presence,
 See thy body torture-torn,

Shuddering in this frame doth move;
For to man thou gav'st the love
Due unto the God above.

Where for that kindness is the kind returning?
Where is the answering love, for days of ill?
Man cannot aid thee: too late art thou learning,
How, like a dream in night all black and still,
Powerless each hand, and blind each eye,
In chains of darkness mortals lie:
No earthborn skill, no long-plann'd deeds of might
Avail to change the course that Zeus has laid aright.

So on me falls the lesson of thy sorrow:
Sorrow so soon—ah, little did I dream
“To-day a bridal-song, a wail to-morrow,”
When in my joy I pour'd the happy theme,
There, in the nuptial halls, beside
Thee, O Prometheus, and thy bride;
What time thou led'st our sister home to thee,
Woo'd with thy gifts of love, thy bride Hesione.

CHORUS.

FROM SOPHOCLES.



WELCOME, Sir Stranger, to this glorious spot !

A fairer one earth knoweth not.

Where white Colonus gleameth thou art come,

Unto the steed's famed home.

Here sits always the nightingale complaining

Piercingly sweet through the green lonely dell :

'Mong ivy thickets sun and storm disdaining

The Wine-God wild and all his nurses dwell.

Here the Narcissus, budding new each morn,

Steep'd with the dew of heaven is born :

The flower that wreathed the goddesses of old :

And Saffron ray'd with gold.

Here thy glad fount, Cephissus, never slumbers,

Pouring bright waves among the fruitful plains ;

And all the Muses chant their blissful numbers ;

And Aphroditè draws her golden reins.

A strange mysterious tree self-rooted here :—

A pale grey gleam of bounteous olive-leaves :—

Uncherish'd elsewhere, to home he cleaves,

Bidding the foeman turn away in fear.

The young alike and old

Unharm'd shall leave thee, vainly bold ;

Thee an unclosing eye doth still behold,

And in her calm blue gaze a guardian goddess fold.

Best gift of all the god could give, he gave—

The wealth of horses : here, upon this lea,

The Sea-God bade the steed unwild to be,

And Athens mistress over field and wave.—

Athens ! the lot is thine,

To dash along the sparkling brine,

With cunning oar, where in the glad sunshine

The Daughters of the Sea a hundred feet entwine !


HYMN AT THE FEAST OF ADONIS.

FROM THEOCRITUS.

—o—

LADY, who hauntest Golgi and the steep
Of Eryx and Idalium, and with gold
Dalliest for pastime, Goddess of fair Love!—
Lo, where they bring thee from the eternal floods
Of Acheron thy own Adonis back
In the twelfth month,—the gentle-footed Hours,
Heaven's longest-tarrying children, the dear Hours:
Ay, but they come long-look'd-for, on this earth
To no man ever bringing empty hands.
Child of Dionè! thou art she (men say)
Who out of mortal immortality
Wroughtest, in Berenicè's human breast,
Shedding the dews of everlasting life!
So bound to thee, thee of the many names,
The myriad temples, doth Arsinoë,
That Berenicè's daughter, Helen's peer,
Cherish Adonis with all fair delights.

Beside him delicate garden-plants are set,
Guarded in silver baskets, and gold jars
Of Syrian unguent, and bakemeats, whate'er
Are made by women busying at their task,
Mingling with white flour every bud that blows;
Yea, of sweet honey or in liquid oil
Whate'er is shaped, fowls of the air, or things
That walk the earth,—all are spread here for him.
Evergreen arbours, with faint perfume laden,
Are rear'd, and the boy Loves flit over them,
As new-fledged nightingales among the trees
Flit, trying their young wings, from twig to twig.
O ebony! o gold! o ivory white
Of yon twin eagles flying with the boy,
The new cupbearer for the Lord of heaven!
And crimson coverlets, "softer than sleep,"
(Ask at Miletus, or of him who feeds
The pasture-lands of Samos,) are spread out,
A couch for beautiful Adonis; one
The Cyprian goddess occupies, and one
The rosy-arm'd Adonis by her side,



Her bridegroom of eighteen or nineteen years.
Not rough the kiss of his yet downy lips.
To-day then, Cypris, in thy spouse rejoice.
At dawn will we with the first dew flock forth,
And bear him to the foam upon the strand,
And there, with locks loosed, and with robes let down
From glistening breasts to the feet, raise the shrill song :
“ O loved Adonis, earth and the dark grave
By thee alone, thee only (as men say)
Of all the hero race, are visited.
This was not given to Agamemnon, not
To the fell warrior Ajax, nor to him,
Great Hector, Hecuba's first-born among
Her twenty children, nor to Patrocles,
Nor Pyrrhus coming back again from Troy :
No, nor to those of a more older world,
Lapithæ and Deucalions, nor the house
Of Pelops, and the old Pelasgian seed
Of Argolis. So, loved Adonis, now
Be gracious, and of good heart for next year :
Welcome to-day, and always welcome here !”

ORPHEUS.

FROM THE GREEK ANTHOLOGY.



No more yon oak shall heed thy charms, no more
Wild herds and stubborn rocks shall swell thy
train :

Never again thou'lt lull the tempest's roar,
Hailstorm, or driving sleet, or loud-lash'd main !
Yes, thou art gone, Orpheus ! and Memory's daughters
Mourn greatly, but thy mother most of all
Shall *we* weep sons banish'd o'er Stygian waters,
When theirs from thence even gods cannot recall ?

